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BRIEF MENTION.

I have often regretted that I did not retain the title *Lanx Satura*, which I used in some of the earlier numbers of the Journal as a designation for such lighter matters as fall within the province of the philological observer. But the tone of those notes, affected doubtless by bad habits contracted in the service of the daily press, shocked my staid British critics, and I instituted instead a *Brief Mention* department which was intended at first to make some amends to authors and publishers for the failure to notice the books sent in for review. In doing this, I had distinctly in mind the example of the Atlantic Monthly which at that time used to give short notices of current literature in which book after book was despatched in a few lines. Of late years this characteristic feature of the Atlantic has been suppressed and with it a curious exhibition of impressionistic criticism. Now, if the benevolent reader or malevolent author will scan the pages of *Books Received*, he will appreciate the difficulties of any editor who should undertake personally or by proxy to notice, however briefly, the various publications that find a lodgment on the editorial table. Still, I cannot for the life of me assume the lofty attitude of some of my colleagues of the philological press, who frankly, not to say, brutally declare that they do not hold themselves bound even to acknowledge the receipt of works that have not been asked for, much less to pass them under review. Cursed with a sensitive soul, I actually suffer, *mediis sitiens in undis*, when I make out the trimestrial lists. The temptation to wet one's whistle in this tide of literature, and then to whistle is very great. So coming back this time after an unusually long absence, I find myself confronted with an ocean of books, nearly all of which appeal to me in some way. But what are half a dozen pages among so many? One of the Paris dailies has a column given up to three-line notes. But such limits are somewhat mechanical and then the titles of the books alone would often take up all the space. So for instance, what notice compatible with *Brief Mention* could be taken of the tenth edition of BEN-SELER's well-approved *Griechisch-Deutsches Schulwörterbuch* (Teubner), brought out under the supervision of the well-known scholar KÆGI, whom I hope it is no disrespect to call 'Short-cut KÆGI'? The list of authors included in the dictionary would of itself occupy a respectable number of lines. However, one curious fact may be mentioned. It was no small tribute to Gottfried Hermann's influence that he forced *προκλητικά* into our

Greek Lexicons, and in this dictionary Wilamowitz's *Lesebuch* is a file-closer to a procession headed by Homer. It would be worth knowing how many words were added thereby to the thesaurus.

To this new BENSELER the new KAEGI-AUTENRIETH'S *Wörterbuch zu den homerischen Gedichten* (Teubner) has been made to conform. A tenth edition of a popular manual is seldom sharply scrutinized, and we are under obligations to Professor KAEGI for telling us where the chief work of revision has lain, to wit, in the etymology. This is as we should have expected; and the meek tone of the editor is in striking contrast to the confident spirit in which many of the problems were attacked in times not so far distant from ours. Etymological studies have a great charm for everybody—the unqualified as well as the qualified—and there was at one time great danger lest the guard-room frolics and guard-room squabbles of the regular garrison might give outsiders an opportunity to enter in and possess the etymological Niflheim. Hence the temperance pledge of KAEGI. To be sure, the outsiders will not all be pleased. So ἀγίληψ, for which I cited (A. J. P. XXIII 112) the old AUTENRIETH, now appears as 'nur für Ziegen erkletterbar, steil', and there is a dead silence as to the latter part of the compound.

While on the chapter of school-books, I may say that the Journal has for obvious reasons tried to hold itself aloof from either favorable or hostile criticism of this range of literature. But it has not always been easy to suppress impatience at outrageously slovenly work nor has it always been easy to draw the line between text-books that incorporate new scientific principles in elementary forms and text-books that are merely tenth transmitters of foolish phrases. Then, again, a series may be started on a new basis, and challenge the interest of all who have to do with pedagogical matters. And what philologist in America has not? So when the FREYTAG-TEMPSKY publications came out I did not fail to remark on the rebellion against the overloaded commentary as indicated by the appearance of school editions that contained only the text, a concise historical introduction and a dictionary of proper names (A. J. P. XIII 125). This series seems to have had considerable success and every new quarter brings to the Journal new FREYTAG-TEMPSKY editions under the supervision of competent scholars. The commentaries—when there are commentaries—appear in separate volumes, a manner of compromise between the notes at the foot of the page, abhorred by teachers who do not know enough to make notes of their own, and the notes at the back of the book, abhorred

by teachers who abominate the waste of time made necessary by turning over pages. Of course, it would be easy to say that the names of the editors, KELLER for Horace, ZINGERLE for Livy, WEIDNER for Tacitus, NOHL for Cicero, A. T. CHRIST for Plato and SCHUBERT for Sophokles would be guarantee enough, but such a wholesale commendation would be flying in the face of my daily precept and my daily practice in the class-room, where I am no respecter of persons.

If, as I have just said, the introduction of new methods in the preparation of school editions deserves consideration in a technical publication like this, the introduction of new authors into the range of school-reading is one of the signs of the times that a philological journal cannot afford to neglect. 'Is one of the signs of the times' or rather 'would have been' before the cataclysm of the WILAMOWITZ *Lesebuch*. And so some years ago I called attention to BIESE'S *Griechische Lieder* (A. J. P. XII 518), a second edition of which has just appeared; and JURENKA'S *Römische Lyriker*, in which the well-known Viennese Pindarist has given us the Greek models as well as the Roman reproductions, offers a tempting theme for comment. On a much larger scale, a scale that brings the book within the reach of scholarly criticism, is the *Antologia della melica greca* by ANGELO TACCONE (Turin, Loescher). In fact, FRACCAROLI, who has furnished a preface to the work of his pupil, maintains that in the number of the fragments TACCONE has surpassed not only the anthology of Michelangeli but all the good foreign anthologies—'all'infuori di quella copiosissima, estesissima ed ottima < collezione > di Herbert Weir Smyth'. In the determined effort to compass all the literature of the subject in hand Dr. TACCONE shows that he belongs to the new Italian school of classical philologists (A. J. P. XXIV 108), who are outdoing their German masters in respect of 'Vollständigkeit'. In this as in other things there seems to be a lack of perspective, almost inevitable in the work of a young scholar. The commentary is sometimes too minute and the style somewhat diffuse; and in the present state of metrical science or nescience the detailed description of the metres is, at least in my eyes, so much lumber. But this is merely a preliminary notice—to be followed, I hope, by a serious review. The book, in any case, is a welcome addition to our apparatus; for the recent discoveries in Egypt have enabled Dr. TACCONE to give his readers some of the fragments of Sappho that have appeared since the date of Professor SMYTH'S *Greek Melic Poets*, on which Dr. TACCONE has drawn freely, as may be imagined, but, so far as I can discern, in a legitimate way and with proper acknowledgment.

Apart from the lack of space, to which I have adverted above, for even a short notice of the leading publications of the season, there is a strong temptation to excessive condensation; and one cannot be pithy at all hazards without being unfair. Brevity, which is the soul of wit, is often the quintessence of falsehood. The bulletin lies because it is so brief. If any one will watch, as I have done for years, the summaries of philological journals, illustrations will not be lacking. I have an acanthology of criticisms of my various writings which serves to amuse me at odd times. So Bornemann's judgment of my Pindar was harsh enough, but the concentration of it in the *Revue de Philologie* excelled the spite of the original: 'ce qui est original ne vaut rien'. An English reviewer had said of the author of *Essays and Studies* that 'when he adopts the lighter style, he fails both in humour and charm'. That is bad enough. But the German summarist is still worse: 'Die angehängten leichteren Studien leiden durch Streben nach Geist und Witz, die beide dem Verfasser fremd sind.' Here, to be sure, the summary is longer than the original, but that need not surprise us in a German. Sometimes the condensed statement is absolutely correct, and yet the impression is miserably inexact. So I cannot deny that my article on the Temporal Sentences of Limit in Greek (A. J. P. XXIV 388-407) may be said to have been written 'im Anschluss an Fuchs'. But who would gather from this passing notice in the *Wochenschrift für klassische Philologie* i. Juni 1904 that I had made an independent study of the subject, long before Fuchs, that I scouted his theory, indicated his omissions of important facts and corrected his interpretation of the phenomena? And yet who would be so unreasonable as to quarrel with the 'Referent'? Not I, for one.

Spiritually I belong to the sect of Flagellants and keep my philological body under by frequent scourgings. I have not only made a choice collection of the whip-lashes that have touched up my personal transgressions, but I cherish an assortment of cowhides meant for the class of sinners to which I belong. Chief among these latter *nervi* intended for the chastisement of grammarians, is one provided by my good friend, President WHEELER, of the University of California, who wrote in the *Atlantic Monthly* for October, 1898 as follows: 'Grammar is to the average healthy human being the driest and deathliest of the disciplines. Except as it serves a temporary practical purpose of offering a first approach to the acquisition of language, and of presenting a convenient tentative and artificial classification of certain facts, it brings spiritual atrophy and death both to him who gives and him who takes'.

This seems to be strange language, coming as it does from one who began his brilliant career with a dissertation entitled 'Der griechische Nominal-accent' (cf. A. J. P. IX 2), a dissertation by which he is still best known in purely philological circles, a dissertation, which is still authoritative after nearly twenty years, a long life for a theory. So on examining a new up-to-date *Traité d'accentuation grecque* by J. VENDRYES (Paris, Klincksieck), I find *la loi de Wheeler* figuring repeatedly, and at first, it seems hardly credible that a man who has given a law to grammar should turn his back on grammar. But that by grammar President WHEELER meant syntax is plainly shown by a later address, which I quoted A. J. P. XXIII 1. Of course, President WHEELER's indictment of syntax is all the more effective because he knows the life of the class-room, but after all when it comes to an assault on grammar, the outsiders do their work fairly well. Anthony Trollope, the best delineator of life in a cathedral town had no personal knowledge of the life that he drew so well, and President WHEELER has not been harder on syntacticians than Piron was on grammarians, when he composed his famous epitaph on Olivet, who seems to have been given to the kind of study that President WHEELER began with, the study of accent.

Ce genre qui le charma,
Et dans lequel il prima,
Fut sa passion mignonne.
Son huile il y consuma.
Dans ce cercle il s'enferma
Et de son chant monotone
Tout le monde il assomma.
Du reste il n'aima personne,
Personne aussi ne l'aima.

Nothing could be worse than the fulfilment of the curse to which Piron alludes: 'Nec amet quemquam nec ametur ab ullo'.

To be sure, President WHEELER is not the only distinguished scholar that has lifted up his heel against grammar; and we, that are addicted to grammatical studies in the old-fashioned way, must comfort ourselves with remembering that Boeckh called grammar the *θριγκὸς μαθημάτων* of philology, nay, claimed in a subacid way that he himself was a 'leidlicher Abece-Schütz'—if I have got the adjective right. Indeed, I can hardly bring myself to believe that the great master would have sanctioned the crusade against the feeble folk who insist on knowing what the letter means before they let themselves be carried away by the spirit. True, even a grammarian is at times weary of the subtleties of other grammarians, and statisticians have been known to flout statistics, and to echo the words of Swinburne who says

in his Study of Shakespeare p. 5: 'For all the counting of numbers and casting up of figures that a whole university, nay, a whole universe of pedants could accomplish, no teacher and no learner will ever be a whit nearer to the haven where he would be'. Still all scholars must be grammarians to a certain extent; and there is no need of stirring the animosity of our waspish tribe. So I was surprised to find in the memoir that THEODOR BIRT has prefixed to the *Vorträge und Aufsätze* of the lamented IVO BRUNS (Teubner), sentences like these: 'Bruns war kein Grammatiker der auf Zetteln sammelt; er drang in die Werkstätte der Meister und leitete aus ihrem Ich das Werk ab das sie geschaffen. Er las die Alten wie man die modernen Autoren liest'. 'Auf Zetteln sammeln' is no crime. The card system is a mere convenience; it does not set up to be an intellectual Kosmos: and a careful sorting of facts may keep even a man of such rare endowment as was IVO BRUNS from making sad mistakes. As for the rest, it is mere phrasemongery. Unless a man is born to a wide range of languages, it is safer for him to treat modern authors as the grammarian treats ancient authors; although the gaiety of nations would be sadly eclipsed by the passing of many foreign scholars, who undertake to interpret English by going into the 'Werkstätte der Meister' unprepared.

In BRUNS'S screed against Dionysios, though I must say that he is fairer than is the fashion toward that unfortunate *magistellus*, he says (S. 209): 'Dionysius rühmt sich, ein fein entwickeltes Gefühl für die persönlichen Nüancen im Stil der alten Autoren zu haben. Er könne in zweifelhaften Fällen, aus der Wirkung, die eine Schrift auf ihn ausübe, sofort erkennen, wer der Verfasser sei. Im Vollgefühl dieser Fähigkeit erklärt er von des Demosthenes Rede für Konon¹ eine Partie von ihr sei so durchaus im Stile einer bestimmten Rede des Lysias gehalten, dass, wenn diese beiden Werke zufällig ohne den Namen des Autors überliefert wären, man nicht sagen könne, welche dem Lysias und welche dem Demosthenes angehöre. Für den, welcher das Auge nicht mit starrer Ausschlüsslichkeit auf das rein Sprachliche richtet, ist dies Urteil unbegreiflich. Dass Demosthenes die Fähigkeit des Lysias, der Sache immer angemessen zu reden, nicht besass, zeigt keine seiner Reden so deutlich, wie die für Konon. Eine Prügelei zwischen jungen Leuten ist hier zu einer Staatsaffaire in einer Weise aufgebauscht, die auf den Unbefangenen einfach komisch wirkt. Ich würde vielmehr sagen, wenn die demosthenische Rede unter Lysias' Namen überliefert wäre, könnte man aus der Sachbehandlung den Demosthenes erkennen'.

¹ Für Konon' instead of 'gegen Konon', κατὰ Κόνωνος, is an extraordinary lapse on the part of BRUNS, for which a parallel has been cited A. J. P. XIV 339, l. 10.

Without undertaking in this place to defend Demosthenes as I did thirty years ago in a series of papers entitled, *On the Steps of the Bema*, I will comment briefly on the sentence I have italicized above: 'Für den welcher das Auge nicht mit starrer Ausschliesslichkeit auf das rein Sprachliche richtet, ist das Urteil unbegreiflich'. In the first place I waive the question whether Dionysios was in dead earnest as to what he says about the possibility of confounding the speeches of the two orators. He had said very much the same thing about Isaios and Lysias: *De Isaeo* c. 2, *εἰ μή τις ἔμπειρος πάνυ τῶν ἀνδρῶν εἴη καὶ τριβὰς ἀξιολόγους ἀμφοῖν ἔχων οὐκ ἂν διαγνοίη ῥαδίως πολλοὺς τῶν λόγων ὁποτέρου τῶν ῥητόρων εἶσιν, ἀλλὰ παρακρούσεται ταῖς ἐπιγραφαῖς*. And then he goes on to show that they are as far apart as possible; so that I have no doubt that he took especial pleasure in pointing out to his classes the differences between Demosthenes and Lysias. Certainly they are plain enough even to one who fixes his eyes unwaveringly on the language alone and in fact, the passage is one of the test-tubes I have used more than once in the seminary to show the value of the analysis of style. Now if the short extracts given by Dionysios suffice for that purpose, how much more distinctly do the differences between the two orators appear when one compares this same Demosthenes LIV with Lysias III, both of them assault and battery cases. I have before me, as I write, a seminary exercise in which a mere beginner has established a baker's dozen of differences between the two speeches, most of them purely differences in the domain of language, so that BRUNS might have strengthened his condemnation of Dionysios by saying as Lord Chesterfield said of the man in the herald's office, 'The foolish fellow does not understand his foolish business'. But after all it is not a foolish business. The grammarian has some rights even over against the aesthetic impressionist, and the trouble with Dionysios is that his analysis did not go far enough, that he has left too much room for the *ἄλογος αἴσθησις*. And by his scorn of Dionysios' stylistic criticism BRUNS missed a chance of slaying the slain. I hold no brief for Dionysios—nor for any one else; but it must be remembered that in this very same chapter (Dem. 13) Dionysios emphasizes the *ἀναφαίρετος τόνος* of Demosthenes. Demosthenes is Demosthenes everywhere as Henry Irving is Henry Irving in every rôle. As for the absurdity of Demosthenes in lighter parts, as well speak of the absurdity of Aischylos in the satyr-drama. But whatever a man may think of Dionysios, every scholar will rejoice at the announcement that the long-deferred second volume, fasc. I of the Teubner ed. of the *Opuscula* by USENER and RADERMACHER has come to the relief of the student of Greek rhetoric. Nothing more urgently needed than a critical text of the *περὶ συνθέσεως ὀνομάτων*.

Cousin says somewhere, 'The ideal life of a man of letters is one monument and a number of episodes'. My early ambition

was to become a man of letters.¹ My monument was to have been the Greek Life of the Second Century after Christ. But life shapes itself in its own way. I have become a grammarian and my monument is to be the Monte Testaccio of a philological journal. Still I have never lost my interest either in literature or in the period, and regret that I have only space for a *Brief Mention* of Professor ROBINSON ELLIS's instructive and entertaining lecture on the *Correspondence of Fronto and Marcus Aurelius*. Marcus has his admirers, and I should blush to reproduce my early notes on his Meditations and my gibes at the man whom I scrupled not to call in his own jargon a φιλοσοφίδιον and a φιλοσοφάριον. But Fronto's cause I was inclined to espouse, perhaps out of sheer contrariness. For Fronto has been badly treated. Every man whose heart is in the right place has a sneaking kindness for the author he edits, even if that author be a hopeless prig, like Persius, or an incondite writer, like Justin Martyr. But Fronto has had scant mercy shewn him even by his editors. True, some allowance must be made for the disillusionment of Mai's discovery. Historians of Roman literature had said to themselves, 'If we only had Fronto!' And when we had Fronto, or a specimen of Fronto, what? So they began to make epigrams on Fronto; and Naber, whose edition (1867) is still the latest critical edition, apologized for giving so many months to such a zany, such a 'fatuus' as Fronto. He admits, indeed, that Fronto was a good soul, but he sneers at what he calls 'decantata illa populi Romani felicitas sub Antoninorum imperio', warns us, quite unnecessarily, not to be deceived 'Frontonis elegantis et orationis putido ornatu', and considers the most valuable outcome of the whole collection to be the exposure of that weak brother, Marcus Aurelius. A charming contrast to this crabbedness is Gaston Boissier's sympathetic article in the *Revue des deux Mondes*, published the year after Naber's edition, and while Professor ELLIS refrains from any estimate of Fronto's intellectual capacity, he has done good service to the memory of the good old African by his summaries and his translations. Surely after reading Professor ELLIS, no young student will consider the *Correspondence* a negligible quantity, even if he should have little sympathy with the gush of the letters. This gush, this overflow of affection, in which it is sometimes hard to tell whether the greater spilt is on the side of the master or on that of the disciple, reminds Professor ELLIS of the Sonnets of Shakespeare. In modern life such enthusiasm is more familiar to us in school-girl ecstasies for the beloved mistress, but this sort of thing seems to be traditional

¹ 'There seems little reason' says an irresponsible reviewer in the *New York Sun*, June 24, 1903, 'for the inclusion <in Trent's American Literature> of the names of scholars like Drisler and Anthon and Goodwin and Gildersleeve, whose purely literary baggage is of the slightest'. Is it not Voltaire who says: On ne va pas à la postérité avec de gros bagages?

in the Empire. Famous is the relation between Cornutus and Persius and the absurdly interjectional letter of Marcus to Fronto (II 3) is paralleled by the absurdly interjectional letter of Julian to Libanius (XIV) and Julian's letters to Iamblichos are so effusive that critics have thought them unworthy (Essays and Studies, p. 375) of the later emperor, a more masculine character after all than the earlier philosopher on the throne.

The *Quatrains of Hâli*, a modern Hindu poet, whose real name, we are told, is Maulavi Sayid Altâf Husain Ansâri Pânîpati, have been edited in the Roman character with a prose translation by Mr. G. E. WARD (London, Henry Frowde). While they hardly deserve the transfiguration that the quatrains of Omar have undergone, one of them may be worth quoting, No. XVIII, which is intended to be a severe rebuke to hasty critics of standard text-books. Saith Hâli:

Set not good men down as bad, O my son!
If one gesture or half a gesture of theirs displease thee.
The fineness of a pomegranate is not spoilt to the taste,
If there should be inside it one or two pips rotten.

But, despite Hâli, I am naturally inclined to agree with the saying of Ecclesiastes about 'dead flies' and with Tennyson's deprecation of 'the little pitted speck in garner'd fruit'; and, moreover, I am suffering just now from a couple of typographical errors that disfigure for me hopelessly p. 229 of the current volume, where l. 9 for 'every' read 'my' and l. 10 for 'final' read 'first'.

R. S. R.: Questions of metre and accent commonly breed extremists. Thus not long ago we had in several quarters a determined effort to eliminate 'ictus' from the Graeco-Roman poetry, as though we could not find the deviations we require from common speech equally well in the modulations of that 'poetry-reciting voice' of the ancients, that *μέση κίνησις* or *πλάσμα* which lies midway between song and speech (Aristid. Q. I p. 7, 25 M.; Quintil. I 8, 2)! Similarly Dr. J. J. SCHLICHER in his dissertation on the *Origin of Latin Rhythmical Verse* (Chicago, 1900) adopts a novel position. His views may best be contrasted with those of his former teacher, Wilhelm Meyer, whom he sharply chides for the admission that the supposed musical accent of the Romans became expiratory in the third century and capable of influencing Latin verse. Thus in Meyer's view the change from quantitative to accentual poetry was produced by some profound and far-reaching cause, but according to SCHLICHER this change belongs to the chapter of accidents and is due to secondary causes.

Dr. SCHLICHER seeks to show that the Roman quantitative system broke down first especially in the final syllables of words, and since the Christian iambic poets did not wish to give prominence to these dubious syllables by placing them under the verse-accent, they preferred, because of their scruples about *quantity*, to write *Fit pórtā Christi pērvíā* rather than *Portā Christi fit pērvíā*. The conscientious scruples about quantity which this hypothesis attributes to the Christian poets will seem to many wholly unwarranted by the facts, and even if they were well warranted, this explanation would leave the real difficulty untouched. For the question would still remain, *why* the final syllables became unstable in their quantity and were finally sloughed off altogether. Trivial causes apart, there is but one ultimate answer to this question and that is the answer which Meyer and Havet have given, viz.: The development of the expiratory accent destroyed the old Roman syllabic system. SCHLICHER, however, has not merely written a polemic upon the accent; he has done an admirable piece of work in tracing the several stages of the slow process by which quantitative poetry became accentual, and has made valuable contributions to technical knowledge at this point, while he has given the general reader an extremely interesting and clear account of the chief problems of Christian poetry. Since the dissertation is otherwise so complete, it is to be regretted that the author has not included more actual specimens of the popular poetry. Thus the lengthening of accented short vowels might well have been illustrated by a quotation of the well-known Pompeian graffito (CLE. 44):

Magi properares, ut videres *Vēnerem*.

.
Pompeios defer, *ubi* dulcis est amor.

Again, St. Augustine's famous *Psalmus contra partem Donati* is often under discussion, but how few classical Latinists have ever seen or read the 'Omnes qui gaudetis'!

S. B. P.: An excellent piece of historical criticism is the paper on *The Politics of the Patrician Claudii* by Professor GEORGE C. FISKE of the University of Wisconsin, published in vol. XIII of the *Harvard Studies*. Our ancient authorities agree in representing the Claudii as ultra-patrician in their opinions and bitterly hostile to the *plebs*. Modern scholars have ranged themselves either with Mommsen who regarded the Claudii as champions of the *plebs*; or with Herzog who accepted the ancient view in the main with the modification that this *gens* desired to develop a plebeian state within the patrician; or with Nitzsch who maintained that the Claudii represented the trading and com-

mercial interests and therefore supported the *plebs urbana* against the *plebs rustica*. Professor FISKE agrees most nearly with Nitzsch, but corrects his view in certain points, and maintains that the two chief articles in the political creed of the Claudii were first "a persistent and inherited opposition to the policy of the tribunes, the champions of the *plebs rustica*," and second "the defence of the *libertini*". This conclusion is based upon a critical examination of all the ancient testimony upon the subject. The three most important members of the Claudian family were Appius Claudius, the reputed founder of the *gens* and consul in 495 B. C., Appius Claudius, the decemvir, and Appius Claudius Caecus the famous censor of 312 B. C., and it is therefore inevitable that Professor FISKE's arguments should be based very largely upon the traditional history of the first two. Scholars will differ widely in their estimate of the degree of credibility to be assigned to this record, and Professor FISKE will probably be regarded as too conservative by most. But while the evidence of a traditional family policy among the Claudii is not absolutely conclusive, the careful and rational treatment of the subject is worthy of all praise.